

The Sweetwater Forerunner.

BY CHARLES M. FISHER.

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TERMS:

THE FORERUNNER IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

At two Dollars a Year,

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No attention paid to orders for the paper unless accompanied by the Cash.

Advertisements will be charged \$1.00 per square of ten lines, or less, for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each continuance. A liberal deduction made to parties who advertise by the year.

Persons sending advertisements should mark the number of times they desire them inserted, or they will be continued until forkl and charged accordingly.

Transient advertisements must be paid for at the time of insertion.

Communications, to secure insertion, must be accompanied by the name of the authors.

The last remark that Beas Butler makes after going to bed, is "Spoon!"

Georgia has at present three paper mills in successful operation, and will soon have three more.

The weather was so cold in Northern Texas a few days since that mules' ears were frozen stiff.

A thief in Atlanta, Ga., a few nights since, stole a shawl from a gentleman's shoulders and made good his escape.

Dr. E. W. Cade was shot and killed in Brenham, Texas, on the 21st ult., by Jerome Campbell. The act was done in self-defense.

A negro named Henry Armistead killed his wife near Montgomery, Ala., on Christmas day. He was arrested and lodged in jail in Montgomery.

It is said that Grant will establish a new bureau so that he can give carpet-baggers employment picking grasshoppers for his Digger Indian family, and that Congress will appropriate.

Cattle over a year old which have not been marked or branded, are everybody's property in Texas, and may be killed by whoever meets them. The San Antonio market is stocked with hides taken from cattle without marks.

Property to the amount of \$25,000 was destroyed by fire in Meridian, Miss., on Christmas eve. The next night two attempts were made to fire the town. A public meeting was held and a strong police force organized to protect the town from incendiaries.

The newsboys of Houston, Texas, refuse to sell copies of the Union, a Radical sheet published in that city. The editors peddle their paper in the streets, and say they intend to hammer away until something breaks.

Several persons arrested by the military at Jefferson, Texas, are kept in close confinement, and are not permitted to see even their relatives. No charges have been preferred against them, and no one except the Satraps can tell the cause of their incarceration.

"Hammer and Anvil" is the name of a new novel by Friedrich Spielhagen, called the greatest of living novelists. It is translated from the German expressly for, and is now being published in, the Baltimore Statesman. The publication commenced on the 12th of this month and will be continued from week to week until completed. "Hammer and Anvil" is now appearing as a serial in Germany. The publishers of the Statesman announce that to persons remitting their subscription for the year 1869, the Statesman will be mailed free of charge from the beginning of this Romance until the 1st of January, 1869.

The Statesman is issued every Saturday morning. It is published by the Maryland Democratic Association, a Joint Stock Company, incorporated by the Legislature of Maryland at its last session with an authorized capital of One Hundred Thousand Dollars. It is Democratic in Politics, and contains, besides a variety of Editorial Matter, Reviews, Criticisms, Correspondence, Poetry, a Summary of News—Domestic and Foreign—a Condensed Report of the Proceedings of Congress and the State Legislature, when in session, and a carefully prepared Review of the Markets for the week.

The Statesman is published in compact form of sixteen pages, containing forty-eight columns—equally convenient for reading, handling, binding, and the display of advertisements.

Terms, \$3 a year, payable in advance. \$2 for six months. \$1 for three months. Address "Statesman," 162 West Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.

Where the Laugh Comes In.

A singular freak of nature was seen in an Arkansas town recently, in the shape of a man with three ears; one on each side of his head, and a third—which belonged to another fellow—between his teeth.

A letter recently passed through the post office, directed thus:

Wood
John
And
Mass.

A shrewd postmaster made it out: "John Underwood, Andover, Mass."

An old lady being at a loss for a pin-cushion, made one out of an onion. On the following morning she found that all the needles had tears in their eyes.

A young dentist was introduced to a fashionable beauty the other evening, and gracefully opened the conversation by saying: "Miss —, I hope that I may consider that we are not entirely unacquainted. I had the pleasure of pulling a tooth for your father a short time ago."

That was a smart girl who consoled herself with the thought that the same wind which disarranged her crinoline blew dust into the eyes of the wicked young men who were standing at the corner to observe the effect. This is what may be called tempering the wind to the shorn calf.

"What's that?" said a schoolmaster, pointing to the letter X.

"Daddy's name."

"No it isn't your daddy's name, you blockhead; it's X."

"I'll be darned if it is. It's dad's name, blowed if it ain't. I've seed him write it often."

"Go to your seat, you booby, and blow your nose."

During the war a Georgia soldier, when in camp near the house of his sweetheart, sent her a bunch of flowers, with a card attached, upon which was the following poetic effusion:

"Accept this bokay from a feller,
Who oft has heard the kанныs beller,
Has listend to the fives a tooten,
And helped to do a heaper shooten,
Has seen the war clouds darkly rise
Like fifty buzzards when they fies,
Who is now bigger than his dad,
And wants to marry mighty bad."

While taking breakfast one morning with friend Dick R. at his boarding house, the following incident was brought to my notice: We were all seated at the table—four in number—when the landlady requested Dick to say grace. Dick, noticing but three pieces of ham on the dish, and being somewhat of a wag, arose, and, with uplifted eyes, exclaimed:

"Three slices for four of us,
Thank the Lord there's no more of us."

It is needless to say that Dick was not called upon to say grace at that table any more.

Two Quaker girls were ironing on the same table. One asked the other which side she would take, the right or the left. She answered promptly: "It will be right for me to take the left, and then it will be left for thee to take the right."

A young lady married a man by the name of Dust, against the wishes of her parents. After a short time they lived unhappily together, and she returned to her father's house, but he refused her, saying, "Dust thou art, and unto Dust thou shalt return!"

A New Hampshire editor, who has kept a record of big beats, announces, at last, that "the beet that beat the beet that beat the other beet, is now beaten by a beet that beats all the beets, whether the original beet, the beet that beat the beet, or the beet that beat the beet that beat the beet."

Cory O'Lanna thinks he has discovered the origin of the Grecian Bend. He says: "It is said to have been discovered by accident. A young lady who came to the Springs for the benefit of her health, was told by her physician that her system needed a tonic, and she had better take some iron. In the liberal simplicity of her heart she swallowed one of the springs from her patent eliptic. It lodged longitudinally, and imparted a new style of curvature to her figure, and it was adopted as the style. It wouldn't be convenient for every young lady to swallow a skirt hoop, and so external means have to be used to produce the Grecian Bend."

An Unpleasant Ride.

A man who gave his name as John Hays, and says he resides in Chicago, Illinois, was taken from a car loaded with flour, bound east on the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, Central Ohio Division, at the depot in this city, yesterday, in nearly a famished condition, and badly frozen. He says that on last Sunday night, during a heavy storm at Chicago, he took shelter in the car loaded with flour, the doors being open. Shortly after, the door of the cars were closed and locked, the train made up and started for the East, and despite himself he was forced to be an unwilling passenger. He halted at every station the train stopped at trying to make himself heard, but without avail, and it was not until the cars reached this point that his condition was discovered and the car opened. He was found to be nearly famished, with both legs frozen from the feet to above the knees. He had been a prisoner in the car for over four days and nights, during this inclement weather, and the only wonder is that he was alive. He was promptly cared for, and subsequently removed to the County Infirmary, where he now remains.

[Zanesville (Ohio) Courier.]

George Peabody.

The New York Times says that the benefactions of George Peabody are much larger than are generally supposed. Altogether, they exceed ten millions of dollars. He has given to the poor of London, alone, \$1,750,000, and for education in the Southern States, \$2,000,000. Amongst his other largest donations are mentioned \$2,000,000 to members of his own family and \$1,000,000 to the Baltimore Institute.

[Zanesville (Ohio) Courier.]

The Trigger.

Captain John Travis gave another exhibition of pistol shooting at his gallery last evening, in which he excelled any of his previous astonishing performances in this city, by a series of hazardous feats requiring the most consummate skill on his part and extraordinary daring on that of the gentleman who assisted in them. Mr. John Rover, of Texas, held a cup on his head and Travis fired a pistol bullet through it from the distance of twelve paces. The feat was repeated twice, the ball going each time within an inch of the cranium of the venturesome holder. The same gentleman also held between his fingers a small lemon and afterwards a business card about an inch and a half square, and through each Captain Travis put a bullet, at the same distance, with one of the regular gallery pistols. Few people would care to run such risks as Mr. Rover did, and fewer still could successfully imitate Captain Travis' wonderful skill.—Chicago Tribune.

A new mode of dispersing a mob has been discovered, which is said to supersede the necessity of a military force. It is to pass around a contribution box.

In a trial for an assault some years ago Dr. McK., in giving his evidence, informed the court that on examining the prosecutor, he found him suffering with a severe contusion of the integuments under the left orbit, with great extravasation of blood and ecchymosis in the surrounding cellular tissue, which was in a tumefied state. There was also considerable abrasion of the entire.

Judge Henson—"You mean, I suppose, that the man had a black eye?"

Witness—"Yes."

Judge—"Then why the d-d-devil didn't you say so at once?"

General Grant is constantly surrounded, so far as he will permit himself to be, by newspaper reporters, correspondents, and others, who watch his compressed mouth, as a cat watches a hole in the floor, to catch whatever may come out. But the watching is long and weary, and a mouse rarely shows his head or tail.

The New York Tribune announces, as if authoritatively, that General Grant has emphatically declared his opposition, in so many words, to the old Jacksonian doctrine that to the victors belong the spoils. In other words, he is opposed to turning men out of office merely for opinion's sake.

They have rough times down in Georgia. On the 30th, the negroes had all the roads in the neighborhood of Savannah picketed, and were arresting and marching to the woods all the white people on whom they could lay hands. They declared that the war had commenced and they intended to have the heart's blood of every white man on Ogeechee river. The excitement in town was intense.

A Mysterious Case.

The Zenia, Ohio, Gazette has the following:

"Not many miles from Zenia resides a wealthy landholder, or rather a model farmer. His prosperity during the past twelve years has often been the comment of his neighbors, and observing ones have wondered from whence he has obtained the means with which he has added farm to farm and acre to acre, until he holds up-wards of ten thousand acres of the best land in the whole State of Ohio.

Some ten years since, we have lately been informed, there appeared at the farmer's door a young and stalwart youth who asked, and readily obtained employment. Although ignorant at first of the duties on a farm, he applied himself and in a short time became an adept farmer. He took as much interest in the affairs of the farmer who engaged him as did the farmer himself.

When the month of December came, the first one after his advent on the farm, he informed the family that he would absent himself during the winter, but would return in early spring and work another year. He brought two trunks when he came there the preceding spring, the contents of which had never been displayed. These he left with the farmer, with the simple precautionary remark, "never allow them to be disturbed, or, at least, unless I should be absent two years." If gone longer they were at liberty to open them and appropriate their contents. He carried nothing away with him except the suit he had on, nor did he accept his summer's wages when tendered to him by the farmer. He took his note, payable in five years, and left.

April of the following year came, and the wonder of the family over the youth's strange proceedings was still fresh, when one pleasant morning they were all gladly surprised to see their help again. He had a large trunk, similar to one of the two he had left there during the winter. The ensuing year the young man and the farmer became greatly attached. In August the farmer purchased an adjoining farm and paid for it in cash.

When the year's work was completed, the incidents of the preceding year were repeated. The young man took another note, left his trunk and went away. He only cautioned the farmer's family as before, regarding his three trunks.

When April came round again, our hero appeared. In May following the farmer purchased another adjoining farm of one hundred acres and paid for it in cash. This going away and returning continued for the last ten years, up to the present December. Each year the farmer purchased more land. Every year in December the farmer's help left him, taking the farmer's note, and every following April he returned. He never took trunk nor baggage away, but always brought more when he returned.

Last week the help, now grown to manhood, strong and sturdy in mind and frame, left the farmer, took away all his accumulated baggage, and returned the several notes the farmer had given him—made a present of them to a child of the farmer. The evening before his departure he informed his friends, who had all learned to love him, of the secret which he had so long kept to himself. He was a wealthy orphan. Doctors had told him at the age of fifteen that he could not live to become of age. He at once left an Eastern boarding school, and came out to the farmer's home. He returned and studied during the winter, became interested in seeing the farmer increase his domains, and donated the money with which the additions were made. The trunks contained the fashionable clothing he wore during the winter months. Secrecy regarding the money received by him had been enjoined upon the farmer during all the ten years; now he is released to do or tell, all or little, as he pleases.

The promised consumptive was saved; the aggravations of disease dispelled; and having grown to be healthy and robust, he was satisfied with the ten years' effort to prevent his becoming an invalid for life. It was almost useless for the farmer to attempt to express his gratitude, unbounded as it was, to our hero. He thinks of him now as a benefactor and son, and looks on his broad acres and can hardly realize that they are his. Were we to give the name of the young man many of our readers would at once become convinced of the truth of the above. This we are forbidden to do for the present.

Put Him Through.

Not long ago a brace of lovers from the interior entered an uptown photograph saloon, and wanted their pictures taken. The lady gave precedence to her swain, who she said, "had to be tuck fust and real natural."

He brushed up his hair, gave his necktie a twist or two, asked his girl if his collar was O. K., and placed himself in the operator's chair, where he assumed the physiognomical characteristics of a poor mortal in the dentist's hands, and about to part with one of his teeth.

"Now look purty," begged the lady, casting one of her languishing glances.

The picture was taken. When produced, it reminded the girl, as she expressed it, "just how Josh looked when he got over the measles;" and as this was not an era in her lover's history particularly worthy of commemoration, she insisted that he should "stand again."

He obeyed, and she attended him to the chair.

"Josh," said she, "just look kinder smiling and kinder don't."

The poor fellow tried to follow the indefinite injunction.

"La!" said she, "you look all puckered up."

One direction followed another, but with as little success. At last growing impatient and desperate, she resolved to try an experiment, which she considered infallible, and exclaimed:

"I don't keer if there is folks 'round."

She enjoined the operator to stand ready at the camera. She then sat in her fellow's lap, and throwing her arms around his neck, managed to cast a shower of flaxen ringlets as a screen between the artist and the proceedings, which were betrayed by sounds which revealed what was taking place. When the billing and cooing had lasted long enough to produce the desired effect, the cunning girl leaped from Josh's lap, clapped her hands, and cried to the astonished artist:

"Now you've got him, put him through."

One Kiss Maria.

BY THE FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

There was a funny little episode on the car that helped to arouse us. At Montana a young man and a young woman came on board of the sleeping car, and the former said: "See here, Mr. Conductor, I want one of your best bunks for this young woman and one for myself individually. One will do for us when we get to the Bluffs, hey, Marier? (a playful and affectionate poke at "Marier" with his elbow, to which she replies, "now, John, quit!") for you see we're goin' to get married at Marier's uncle's when we get there. We might 'a been married at Montanny, but we took a habit to wait 'till we got to the Bluffs, bein' as Marier's uncle is a minister and they charge a gold-fired price for hitchin folks at Montanny."

Maria was assigned to one of the "best bunks" and John was given one not far away. After a time the inmates of the car were all stowed away in their berths to go through the inevitable alternations of snoring and freezing.

During the stoppage of the train at one station the voice of John was heard, raised in pleading accents, all unconscious, that the train had stopped, and that tones which the noise of the rattling wheels had drowned while the cars were moving, could be distinctly heard by all when they had stopped.

"Now Ma-ti, you might give a feller jes' one kiss."

"John, you quit, or I'll git right out here and hoof it back to Montanny in the snow storm."

"Only one little kiss, Marier, and I'll go; hope to die 'f I don't."

"John—"

Just at that interesting moment a gray head protruded from a berth at the other end of the car, and an old man cried out so that all could hear: "Marier, for God's sake give John one kiss, so that we can go to sleep some time to-night."

It is needless to remark that a peal of laughter rang from one end of the car to the other, under cover of which John slunk back to the solitary seclusion of his "bunk" leaving Maria to the undisturbed possession of her marriage license, which she interpreted to permit no license to John until accompanied by the proper certificate. And Marier was right.

Weights and Measures.

Bushels.	Pounds.
Salt.....	50
Corn, Shelled.....	56
Corn in Ear.....	57
Turnips.....	56
Beans.....	50
Stone Coal.....	80
Unslaked Lime.....	80
Corn Meal.....	48
Wheat.....	52
Peas.....	50
Rye.....	56
Oats.....	53
Irish Potatoes.....	61
Sweet Potatoes.....	65
White Beans.....	60
Clover Seed.....	60
Timothy Seed.....	45
Flax Seed.....	65
Lino-Grass Seed.....	44
Buck Wheat.....	50
Dried Peaches.....	53
Dried Apples.....	23
Onions.....	57

Tennessee Bank Notes.

Bank of Tennessee, old issue.....	30
Bank of Tennessee, new issue.....	30
Union Bank.....	30
Union Bank Certificate.....	30
Bank of Chattanooga.....	30
of Commerce.....	30
of Knoxville.....	30
of Memphis.....	30
of Middle Tennessee.....	30
of Paris.....	30
of the Union.....	30
of West Tennessee.....	30
Buck's Bank.....	30
City.....	30
Commercial Bank.....	30
Mercantile Bank.....	30
Northern Bank.....	30
Oceana Bank.....	30
Bank of Shelbyville.....	30
Southern Bank.....	30
Traders' Bank.....	30
Life and General Insurance Company.....	30

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